

Homecoming.

A few years ago the Notre Dame Homecoming threatened to become collegiate in the worst sense of the word. Some stupid clowns hope that it will be so this year. For their benefit a Bulletin of three years ago is reprinted:

The Festering Sores.

The ulcers on a sound Homecoming are the following:

1. The drummer who makes it an extra-big week-end drunk;
2. The shallow-pated hick from Chicago or Niles who has all the Notre Dame spirit of the man who never went to college but follows a winner;
3. The ex-prep who loves to weep on mother's shoulder and vomit down her back;
4. The bootlegging alumnus who can't bear to think of letting an honest student work his way through school the way he did;
5. The half-wit who tries to buy from a bootlegger the brilliancy nature denied him;
6. The callow yearling whose idea of a swell time at a dance is to offer a drink to every girl on the floor.

Notre Dame needs twenty-five hundred surgeons to cauterize these sores at Homecoming. One drunk can attract more attention than a hundred sober men -- but it shouldn't take a hundred men to silence him. Half a man can do that. Knock them down; drag them out; don't let your mothers and sweethearts feel that Notre Dame men stand for gutter-stuff in celebrating victory.

The Family Reunion.

Homecoming means a family reunion. You have it in your power to make it a gathering of saints and scholars, or a rendezvous of thugs and a hobo convention. Picture the latter:

Uncle Jim gets a black eye on the way out to the house and his Jane burns three holes in the rug with her cigarettes. Grandma's arm gets a double fracture when she tries to jew Uncle Charlie down from \$16 to \$12 a quart, and Aunt Rosie shoots her shiek through the ear when he tries to wash enough of her face to give her a kiss. The kids, for once, cause no trouble: they are all under the table. Father breaks a leg in a fall from the chandelier. There are seconds for all comers, because the three best appetities in the family are resting in the hoosegow after heaving bricks through windows on the way to grandma's house. It is a merry party, and everyone goes home promising to return next year with seven devils worse than himself.

Thus far the Bulletin of three years ago. Some freshmen (and some seniors) defied decency and tried to make it a reunion of thugs. Few of the offenders (freshmen or seniors) were with us in June.

The Real U.N.D.

You can yell your lungs out for the team tonight and tomorrow, but that won't do them any good in California. The real help you can give them is to start the Novena for the Poor Souls tomorrow, ending it the day before they leave for L.A. Send them off with a smile. Fast tonight and you can receive tomorrow. The Massent chapel will be on its usual schedule, and the Sorin chapel will be open all morning. -- Add to your intentions the repose of the soul of Mr. Mahan, father of Louis and Billy; a sister of Arthur Loesch, ill with pneumonia; and Father Mooney's father, who was stricken with a serious heart attack a few days ago.